Newes from the North.

OR,

A DIALOGVE BETWIXT

David Dammee slash a Souldier, and *Walter Wheeler*, a rich Northerne Farmer.

Wherein is

Discourſed what injuries they did to the Countrey Farmers, and how they uſed to Pillage; with the extreame joy the Countrey men take at their diſbanding.

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Newes from the North.

Wheeler.

NOW Master *Dammeeflash*, you looke very dejected, me thinkes your countenance bewraies some unexpected chance or other lately happned, what is it I pray? have you beene watching all night lest the enemies should breake in upon you? or have you beene building a Sconce, or making some munition to defend you from the thundring Ordinance planted on the Steeple? if any such unhappinesse as this hath befalne you, I can easily elevate your drooping thoughts with more joyfull tidings.

Dammee. How's that Mr. *Wheeler*, can you give me any comfort? What is it? for heavens sake tell me, is pay day come? but why should I aske such an unseasonable question, when twenty daies, (pay daies I meane) are past since I received one crosse of my Captaine; has my Captaine received any mony lately? or does he intend to ransacke the inscrutable bagges of gouty Mr. *Gripe*, the forty i'th hundred man? or what other newes is it good Master *Wheeler*?

Wheel. All your minde my sonne of *Mars* is on sacke and pillage, but now you may leave off that trade if you please, for there's a Commission sent downe from London for your enlargement, you may now walke where you please without interruption,

unleſſe Maſter Conſtable, the Stockes, or Whipping-poſt ſtand in your way.

Dammee. And you are glad of theſe tydings, are you? you believe now that your hens may walke ſafely and none bee borrowed, none ſhall hereafter come limping home, who have miraculouſly eſcaped our clutches, which hapned ſeldome, unleſſe we were over loaden; your Geeſe may graze ſecurely, and not be continually confin'd to their pens, your Ducks, Turkies, and all other Poultry may encreaſe and multiply like the Siſters of St. Antholines.

Wheel. For my part I have not any to encreaſe at all, (thankes to your ragged Regiment) but ſince I heard of this good newes, I intend to revive my ſtock, my harmeleſſe ſheepe I hope now may reſt ſecurely in their folds and not be afraid of the night wolves, nor I in the morning be conſtrained to uſe the Art of Subtraction, 25. being taken out of 80. to know I have fifty five onely remaining: beleeve me Maſter *Dammeeſlaſh* your diſeaſe was more infectious to them then the rot, my hogs may now (with your leave) walke abroad all day, and retire at night to their lodgings, whereas before your company was ſo mercileſſe that (although they were ſent on Canterburies embaſſie) they would not ſpare the Parſons tyth Pigge, but it muſt goe into the number, my Calves were no ſooner ten dayes old, but one of your noble order long'd for it, marry my Kine themſelves you have made bold with too; but I beſeech you Sir without offence to your feather, may I aske you a queſtion, had you any Butchers among you to dreſſe your meat?

Dammee. Butchers? yes, enow, of every Artificers Trade we had ſome, but eſpecially of Shoomakers and Taylors, whom you might eaſily diſtinguiſh from the

the reſt. The Shoomakers were they that contrary to their Charter, were drunke two dayes a weeke, beſides Sunday and Munday, and the Taylors were they that eat ſo much hot Bread and Butter, they were no great drunkards, and the reaſon why ſo many Knights of the Needle turn'd ſouldiers, was becauſe there was not roome enough in Blackefryers for the French men of that trade; but me thinkes you ſhould rather bee ſorry then rejoyce at the loſſe of ſo good company, we were ever ſociable, wee could not endure that you ſhould want company on a Sunday at dinner.

Wheel. That's true indeed Sir, you came both Sunday and Munday many times, but it was before you were ſent for, I did not take any great delight in your pleaſant ſociety, good I am ſure you never did mee any, unleſſe by keeping my meat from ſtinking, or by ridding me of the loud clamors my wife would whiſper into my eares, for I could never have her company ſo long as you or your rude and ravenous Copartners had any occaſion to uſe her, I durſt not gainſay it, unleſſe I had a mind to have my throat cut, or my houſe puld about my eares, my maids and daughters were more ſerviceable to you then to their Father and Maſter; therfore I pray what reaſon have I to be ſorry for your departure?

Dam. Why, had your wife ever ſuch ſervice done her from your weake backe as ſhe had from us, your daughters too, puling fooles, how did they looke before we tooke them in hand? how they were troubled with the greene ſickneſſe, and lov'd no diet, but lime, chalke, and oatmeale, before they were our patients, wee preſcribed them wholſome pils that tooke off that feminine diſeaſe, they I warrant them

grieve that wee must leave them.

Wheel. Yes and good cause they have, for you have left testimonies of your love to them; our Country will scarce be able to preserve your bastards, sure never was Country so pestred with a rout of rogues; I pray thee tell me, what good did you ever dome or any Country man?

Dam. Why thou forgetfull fellow, how may shillings have we sav'd thee that thou wouldest have spent in reaping thy oates, and mowing thy grasse? have not wee sent thee a whole troope of horses into fields to save thee that labour? have not we eas'd thy maids that were loaden with the reapers victualls, and rather then the poore maid should bee troubled to carry it any further, eate it our selves?

Wheel. You have indeed, you have beene very liberall of such kind of curtesies as you speake of: Truly Sir you have sav'd me both the labour and charge of reaping either oates or any corne else; your light horses would with much dexterity vault over my hedges, & would not spoile so much of my long grasse in eating as in treading it; I and the rest of my neighbours have received so many of these favours that we are utterly undone; wee shall save you a labour in helping us the next yeare, for we have no corne to sow, thankes to your curteous usage: besides, this is one other of your charitable deeds (if I be not mistaken) you would not thinke much to borrow a paire of cleane sheets off the hedge, and forget to bring them home againe; or to exchange a shirt, which though it were farre richer then mine both in colour and quality, yet I assure you, there was little faire dealing in it; many of you were good huswives too, you could milke my kine forsooth, and a million more of such

favours have you done me, and I am ſure my neighbours have fair'd no better then my ſelfe.

But now Gentleman with faire leaves you muſt depart from hence to the place you came from, and except you can mend your manners from thence to Tiburne, the commiſſion for your disbanding is comming, therefore your trading here is ſpoiled, it is your beſt courſe to thinke of your old trade at London.

Dam. Nay, but doe you ſpeake ſeriouſly? what then will become of me? I ſee I muſt fall to the old courſe of life againe.

Wheel. I pray good Mr. *Dammiſh*, what courſe was it you tooke before we had your company here? ſurely you were well employed.

Dam. Truly I had many waies to live, but never affected any ſo well as this courſe of life: ſometimes I was in ſervice, I lived with that notorious whore Miſtris *Clayton* that lies in the middle of Fetter lane, there I was her chiefe gentleman uſher, and many times upon occaſion her hackſter; when I was gentleman at large and out of ſervice, I hunted bowling allies, and lived much upon the rooke there, and many times at nine pins in Lincolns Innefields, & for variety ſake, at Pigeon holes on the backe ſide of Weſtminſter, and in the Terme time, all forenoone I walked Weſtminſter Hall, and in a great crowd when I had occaſion to feele for mony, ſhould miſtake a Countriemans wide pocket for my owne; I have had a hundred of theſe waies to live by, which I muſt too againe.

Wheel. But what if theſe trades all faile; what courſe will you take then?

Dam.

Dam. Simple fellow, I have ſo many trades it is unpoſſible they all ſhould faile, but if it happen they doe, I can at the worſt turne ballad ſinger, which I am inform'd is at this preſent a very thriving trade.

Wheel. Well, ſeeing 'tis certaine you muſt leave us, in hope I ſhall never be troubled with thee nor any of thy profeſſion againe, Ile give thee a dinner.

FINIS.

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